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“Jesus Walked By”

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Text: John 9 (B-Lent 3)

He was a blind man.

A nobody really.

Sat by the road begging for money.

For a piece of bread.

People didn't notice him much,

except to drop a coin or two into his cup.

What was there to notice?

He served no useful purpose.

A burden to society, he was.

The sooner he was gone, the better.

He had no formal education.

Street wise? Perhaps.

Intelligent? Perhaps.

There he sat, day after day.

Going nowhere.

Doing nothing.

UNTIL JESUS WALKED BY.

Then his life changed.

Abruptly.

“Did he sin or his parents?” the disciples wondered.

“Neither,” said Jesus.

“But watch this.”

Jesus spat.

He made mud.

He put it on the man's eyes.

He told him to wash in the Pool of Siloam.

And he could see!

He had never seen before.

UNTIL JESUS WALKED BY.

All of a sudden he was noticed.

Now he was a somebody.

"Hey! Aren't you the blind beggar?"

"How is it that you now see?"

"Why aren't you sitting by the roadside anymore?"

"A man did it?"

"On the Sabbath?"

"Must have been a sinner, obviously."

"But how could a sinner do this?"

"What do you think, blind man?"

"Tell us."

"I think the man was a prophet, if nothing else.

"You know, no one asked for my opinion before."

UNTIL JESUS WALKED BY.

A trick! That's what it was. A trick!

The man is a charlatan, a quack!

A few well placed assistants in the crowd,

That's how he does it.

And you blind man, are part of the scheme.

You were never blind, admit it.

We, who have studied God's laws,

We, who know God's ways intimately,

We will expose your deception.

Your eyes weren't opened—it's all a hoax!

Funny what a commotion is stirred,

WHEN JESUS WALKS BY.

So blind man, tell us once more, what is going on?

That man didn't open your eyes, did he?

He couldn't have.

Give the praise to God, to whom it belongs
Not to this man.

Might it be, learned teachers,

That THAT man is calling YOU?

That YOU want to be HIS disciples too?

Could it be?

Might it be that God has worked through THAT man?

That you have seen God's hand

And you want to believe, but you can't;

You need some excuse to believe?

You know, I never believed much either,

UNTIL JESUS WALKED BY.

Do you want to know something else?

Jesus opened more than just my eyes,

He opened my heart.

Now I see God—working through a man

Who eats with tax collectors and sinners.

Now I see God—working through a man

Who talks with foreign women, of questionable standards

Beside a well.

Now I see God—working through a man who touches lepers

And makes them clean.

Now I see God—working through a man who heals the blind,

Who has touched me,

Has opened my eyes.

Now I see God—working through a man who offends the just,

But who helps and saves sinners.

All this I see,

SINCE JESUS WALKED BY.

I no longer see God as judge

Demanding strict, unthinking obedience;

Sitting, waiting, hoping for some one to slip up,

So he can play judge.

No. Now I see a God who loves.

Me. You. Everyone.

Just as we are.
 Now I see a God who loves so much
 That he cares for the oppressed,
 The outcast,
 The sinner,
 The down and out.
 Who cares even for me.
 I never saw any of this before.
 BEFORE JESUS WALKED BY.

And still Jesus walks by.
 Everyday.
 In the lives of his brothers and sisters.
 Still Jesus walks by.
 Stopping to speak to the woman who has been thrust to
 the margins of society.
 Worthless.
 No good.
 Don't ever bring her kind home for dinner,
 son.

Still Jesus walks by.
 Daring to touch the man dying with AIDS.
 We know what he is.
 Probably deserved what he got, too.

Still Jesus walks by.
 Bringing food to those who are hungry.
 If they would get up off the couch and get a job,
 Like the rest of us.

Still Jesus walks by.
 Speaking words of comfort to the mourning.
 Don't they know that life goes on?
 STILL JESUS WALKS BY.

Why is it that the people who best see Jesus are the
 Oppressed
 Blind
 Captive
 Broken-hearted?
 Is it because they have found hope nowhere else?

Is it because they are so desperate for acceptance
That they lunge for Jesus when he passes?

Why is it that those who should see,
Church leaders,
Church members,
Jesus' own people,
Don't see?

Is it because, thinking we see, we cover our eyes,
To the oppressed,
The blind,
The captive,
The broken-hearted?

Could it be that we have been looking for Jesus in all the wrong
places?

And so looking, we don't find him?
So we don't see

WHEN JESUS WALKS BY.

Why is it that people are offended when others see Jesus?
Do we feel that we have to defend Jesus' honour?
No, Jesus couldn't possibly love that person.
Or that.
No, Jesus wouldn't do such a thing.
Never.

WE know.

Or is it that we are afraid.

Afraid that Jesus might love someone else more than us?
Afraid that Jesus might want us to love one of
THOSE,

As much as we love ourselves?

As much as Jesus loves them?

As much as Jesus loves us?

But that is how it is:

Some see,

Some are blinded...

WHEN JESUS WALKS BY.

He was a blind man.

A nobody really.

Sat by the road begging for money,
For a piece of bread.

All of that changed

WHEN JESUS WALKED BY.

Then he became a person.

God's own.

When Jesus walked by,

His eyes,

His heart

Were opened.

He saw.

He believed.

He worshipped.

And me? You?

What are we?

Beggars, like the man?

Captives?

Oppressed?

Broken-hearted?

Do we see

WHEN JESUS WALKS BY?

Or are we the learned followers

Who demand,

And accuse,

And cover our eyes

WHEN JESUS WALKS BY?

The blind man's eyes were opened.

He could see.

Funny thing is, that once his eyes were opened

He walked by faith, and not by sight.

His eyes were truly opened.

Lord, open my eyes that I might see.
Traces of love you have for me.
Open my eyes, illumine me.
Spirit Divine.

JESUS, WALK BY.

Today.

Please stop.

Open my eyes.

I want to see.

I want to see you.

In others.

And believe.

And worship.

Like the blind man.

Please Jesus,

WALK BY.